## FLAGS THE WORLD OVER.

THEIR ORIGIN AND THE MEANING THEY HAVE COME TO WAVE IT

out Kinds of Flags. The Boyst Standard Se Beally a Banner, White a Standard 1 Something Very Different - Heraldry and Fing Designing - Relson's Pamous Signal.

Every one who has read English history has Nelson's famous signal before the battle of Trafalgar, "England expects that every man will do his duty." There has been some suggestion that the Admiral really signalled n" instead of "England," and that his signal was edited by some friend, but the usual and historical version puts England in the son's time. James, Duke of York, signalled by code when he was Lord, High Admiral of England as far back as 1665, and Kempenfeldt of Royal George fame improved on James's sysone of the earliest signal avstems was invented by the British Admiralty in 1799 introduced at once into Nelson's fleet. By this code, which had ten flags, representing the from 1 to 10 (0) inclusive, the famous Trafalgar signal was sent.

Bignals and flags are described in a recent ok by an Englishman, F. Edward Hulme, who puts letters after his name to signify that he is a fellow of the Linnsean Society and also a fellow of the Society of Antiquaries. Over here peo-ple who go in for heraldry scientifically don't say much about it, because we don't think much of heraldry, but Mr. Hulme has written books on heraldry and ornament, and he has taken up flags and studied them historically, dically, and sentimentally. Luckily for him, though the flags of one nation differ from ose of every other nation, the signal flags are international in character, so that when he has cribed them or told about them as English, he does not have to say anything about their

French or other character.

Of course, Mr. Hulme devotes most of his ce to British flags, but he treats other flags fairly. First among banners came religious banners, such as the labarum of Constantine the banner of Duke William of Normandy, and the oriflamme of France. Then came heraldic devices, and in time these were modified until

we have the modern flag.

In the early days of chivalry the banner was the chief flag. It was a square flag, and should have varied in size according to the rank of its owner. Thus an emperor's banner should have been six feet square; a king's, five; a prince's er a duke's, four, while the banner of an earl, marquis, viscount, or baron should have been three feet square. On the banner were the arms of the owner. Then came the king's banner, now called the royal standard. Mr. Hulme insists, just for the sake of principle, that the royal standard is really the royal ba ner. It bears the arms of the sovereign, just as the ordinary banner bore those of a duke or baron. Whether it was originally six feet or five feet square Mr. Hulme doesn't say. He seems to imply that it was square, although modern royal standards are oblong, like modern flags.
The knight's flag was a pennon, a small swal-

low-tailed flag; he was not a big enough man to have a banner. But when a knight had done ome brave deed on the field of battle, his soy ereign, if present, might make him a knight-banneret by tearing off the points of the flag, and so making it roughly into a banner. A knightbanneret must not be confounded with a bar-enet. Edward I. made the first knight-banneret. Charles, I. made Col. John Smith one in 1642, and the next one was made by George II. on the field of Dettingen in 1743. James VI. and I., who couldn't bear the sight of a sword, devised the rank of baronet, and sold it to all comers at £1.095 apiece.

ly is this: A flag of noble dimensions, that shall always have the cross of St. George placed next to the pole, that shall be divided horizontally into two or more stripes of colors—the prevailing colors of the owner's arms, or of his livery, that shall bear his motto and badges and be richly fringed, its length much greater than its width, and its ends split and rounded off. Mr. Hulme confines his account to English standards only, but the cross of St. Andrew would make a Scottish standard, that of St. Patrick an Irish standard, and the lilies of France and the castle and lion of Castlle and Loon, if placed next to the pole, would make a French and a Spanish standard respectively. No one could have more than one banner, sincefhis banner was composed of his heraldic arms, but a person could have two or three standards. Thus Henry VII. had at Bosworth field, in 1485, at least two standards; both were green and white, since those were the Tudor livery colors, but one showed a "red fire dragon," and in the other "was peinted a donne kowe." A third banner of this King bore a silver greyhound between red roses. When Queen Elizabeth was buried the great embroidered banner of England, the banners of Wales, Ireland, Chester, and Cornwall, and the standards of the dragon, greyhound, and falcon, were displayed.

From the proper lengths of standards it is evident that they were meant to stand, not to be ing colors of the owner's arms, or of his livery

hound, and falcon, were displayed.

From the proper lengths of standards it is evident that they were meant to stand, not to be carried about; that they were to be railying points in battle. A king's standard was to be eight yards long, a duke's seven, a marquis's six and a half, and so on down to a knight, whose banner might be four yards long.

Knights who were not knights-banneret bore pennous; as a rule, these had two points, thoughts one had one point only, and others had three, four, or even five points. Pennants for pendants, Mr. Hulme prefers to call them in Tudor times were called streamers. Then, as now, they were peculiar to ships, and in those days were wider than they are now. One of our ships' came into harbor a few years ago with a homeward-bound pennant nearly 500 feet long, and not more than a foot wide at the staff. In the time of thenry VI, one of the great ships of the day had a "grete stremour xi yardes in length and vilj yards in brede."

The only other flag to be noted is the guidon. It is derived from the French word guide-homme, guide man, and its name expresses its purpose, in mediaval days it was spelled guydhomme, guiden, getton, geton, and in other happy-golucky ways, too. It is a small flag borne by the troops of a cavalry regiment. All our guidons are alike—red in the srtillery, yellow in the cavalry, but in the British army the senior troop carries a crimson allk guidon, called the Queen's, while the other troops carry guidons of the same color as the facings of the regimental uniform.

"Flag devising is really a branch of herald-

queen's, while the other troops carry guidons of the same color as the facings of the regimental uniform.

"Flag devising is really a branch of heraldry," says Mr. Hulme, "and should be in accordance with its laws, both in the forms and the 
colors introduced. Yellow in blazonry is the 
equivalent of gcid, and white of silver, and it is 
one of the requirements of heraldry that color 
shall not be placed upon color, or metal upon 
metal." Apart from the conventionality of this 
rule, it is correct artistically, as can be seen by 
contrasting the effect of the French tri-color, 
where the red and the blue are separated by the 
metal, white, with that of the Haytian flag, 
where the red and the blue are in juxtaposition, 
Further it is easier to distinguish a flag designed heraldically from one designed without 
attention to the laws of blazonry; and that fact 
is probably at the bottom of the heraldic rule. 
Red, white, and blue are the commonest colors 
in flags; yellow is not uncommon; orange occurs 
only once, in the flag of the Orange Free State, 
green occurs a few times, and black is still less 
frequent. 
The origin of the Union in the British flag is

in flags; yellow is not uncommon; orange occurs only once, in the flax of the Orange Free State. green occurs a few times, and black is still less frequent.

The origin of the Union in the British flag is well known. The red upright cross is that of St. George, for England; the red diagonal cross is that of St. Patrick for fredand; and the white diagonal, that peeps out below St. Patrick's, is that of St. Andrew for Scotland. There was a great row over the arrangement of the Union flag, long before the cross of St. Patrick was placed on it. Between 1603 and 1649 the English placed their cross on top; the Scotch placed theirs on top. In fact, the Irish have never quarrelled over the position of their cross on the Union flag, Mr. Hulme thinks that this proved that the Irish are satisfied with the Union; but that's as may be.

The Scotch made a row over the position of the Scottish lion in the royal standard too. That standard (really banner, as Mr. Hulme says), is quarterly; first and fourth quarters, the British lions; second quarter the Scotch lion; third quarter the Irish harp. The Scotch lion; third quarter the Irish harp. The Scotch wanted to be first; and just as they changed the St. Andrew's cross on; the Union, so on the royal standard used in North British they put their lion in the first and fourth quarters, and the English lions in second place. The Scotch are dour people, not easily pleased, but if they liked to do so it is none of our huaness and the English lions in second place. The Scotch are dour people, not easily pleased, but if they liked to do so it is none of our huaness and the English lions in second place. The Scotch are dour people, not easily pleased, but if they liked to do so it is none of our huaness and the English lions in second place. The Scotch are dour people, not easily pleased, but if they liked to do so it is none of our huaness and the English lions in second place. The Scotch are dour people, not easily pleased, but if they liked to do so it is none of our huaness and the

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half of the lower third is red, making half the flag red; white, red, the Austrian leg the second half of the lower third is green, producing the Hungarian colors. When the Emperor visits the Austrian fleethe is saluted with twenty-one guns and fifteen cheers, a Field Marshal gets nineteen guns and eleven cheers, a General thirteen and seven, a Commodore eleven and three, and gvery other rank gets its proper allowance of gunpowder and vocal music.

The first French flag was blue, the Chape de St. Martin, believed to be a part of the cape thir St. Martin divided with the boggst. Initing the scarlet flag of \$1. Denis outsed the blue flag, but it went down at Aginceurt in 1415. The illies of France were added to the blue flags at a very early date. Henry IIE, who was a Protestant, adopted as his hasher-the Heggenous' white flag, and the lifter were soon added to it. Both white and blue flags disappeared during the Revolution, when the tricolor replaced them, to last until 1815, when the white flag came back. It went down in 1848, and the tricolor returned, and hus stayed up to the time of going to press. During the first and second empires the white stripe bore an eagle, and the entire flag was disappeared with the Napoleonic bees.

The Spanish royal standard is most complicated. The red and yellow of the Spanish flag is said to be derived from this occurrence; In 1763 Charles, the Bold dipped his lingers in the bleed of Geoftrey, Count of Barcelona, and drew them down the Count's golden shield, in token of his appreciation of the latter's bravery. The shield no marked became the arms of Barcelona, which became part of Arragon, and the voyal standard. In the first quarter, or upper left hand part of the flag, are the arms of Leon and Castlie, the lion and the castle; the second quarter is taken up, one-half by the Arms of Arragon, one-half by the arms of Ricily. The upper third of the flourin quarter shows the chequera, another Burgundian device, while the lower two-thirds is shared by the red eagle of Antwerp and

to have hased his choice on a verse is the pois, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold."

The Danish flag is the eldest flag in existence, dating back to 1219 or thereabouts; it is of red, with a square white cross, and is said to be due to the fact that King Waldemar of Denmark in a critical moment of his career saw a white cross in the sky. He adopted it as the flag of his country and called it "Dannebrog"—the strength of Denmark. The Dutch flag was originally orange, white, and blue, but in time the orange became red, and t remains so to this day. The stripes run horizontally. The black, red, and yellow of the Belgian flag are taken from the flag of the ducty of Brabant. The blue and white of the Greek flag were adopted in compliment to Otho of Bavaria, who became King of Greece in 1833. The creecent moon and star of Byzantium were adopted by the Turks after their conquest in 1452. The Byzantines had adopted them in honor of Diana, because the moon's appearance had discovered to them an attempt by the soldiers of Philip of Macedon to undermine the walls of the city.

The personal flag of the Sultan is of red and bears his personal device, so it chances with each accession. The device is called the Tughra, and consists of the name of the Sultan, the title Khan, and the epithet El Muzaffar dairna, the ever victorious. It originated thus Sultan Murad I., who asceaded the throne A. D. 1362, could not write; to sign a treaty with the klaguana, he wetted his open hand with lik and pressed it on the parchment, the first, second, and third fingers making amears close together, while the thumb and fourth finger were apart on either side. To this day the Tughra remains the symbol-of Sultan Murad's sign manual; as it may be seen on Turkish colus and samps, the three upright marks indicate Murad's three fingers, the rounded line to the left the thumb, and that to the right the little finger. The smaller characters change with each sovereign.

The smaller characters change with each sovereign.

Mr. Hulme speaks of the flags that have disappeared. Of thirty-five flags shown in a flags of all nations supplement to a London weekly in 1858, barely forty years ago, eleven have disappeared, among them those of the East India Company, of the Ionian Islands, of Tuscany, Naples, and the States of the Church, of the Russian American Company, and of Sardinia.

Now that Alaska is making itself felt here, the Alaskan flag might be revived, in a modified form. The upper two-thirds were white, showing the Russian eagle; the upper half of the lower third was blue, the lower half red. It must have fluttered gayly over the Alaskan nowfields, but our own Stars and Stripes is quite as much at home there and flutters and struggles at its halyards just as well.

## A Strange Race of People Inhabiting the Wild Hills of Rockland County.

People who have never been up in the Ramapo Mountains can have little idea of how trange a race of people live back in the and rocky hills, miles from any village, and with not a rod of road by which their huts may be reached by wagon. In other words, it is not generally known that within thirty-five miles of Broadway there is a community, as curious, almost, as can be found in the remote mountain recesses of Tennessee or North Carolina It is a sort of lost tribe, or, rather, an amalgamation of two lost tribes. If one can imagine what sort of beings would result from more than a century of intermarrying of American sional dash of white blood added to the mixture, he may form a notion of the people that live back in the rugged hills that rise about Suffern, Ramapo, Sloatsburg, Woodbourne, Tuxedo, and other places in the Ramapo Valley, But it would take a pretty brisk imagination to picture some of the queer specimens of humanity that have resulted from this mixture. Albinos of the milkiest haired and pinkest eyed variety are common, and the dime museums recruit their curio halls in that line from among these mountaineers, as did the great and only Barnum before them.

Back in the last century and during the first quarter of the present century slaves were common in that part of New York State and the adjacent region of New Jersey. These slaves were treated no better by their old Dutch masters than were their fellow bondsmen in the South. They were worked long and hard, and the lash was not spared. Consequently run-away slaves were many. These runaways in-

South. They were worked long and hard, and the lash was not spared. Consequently runaway slaves were many. These runaways invariably sought the fastnesses of the surrounding mountains. It is a very difficult thing to make once's way up and among the Ramapo Mountains, even at this day, and it was almost an impossibility in the slavery days. As a reault, when a negro once succeeded in hiding there he was as safe from recapture as if he had gone to Canada, although he might be within sight and sound of his master's home. Scores of runaways in time peopled the inaccessible hills, and in the spots where they throw up their first sheltering huts of, bark or failen, trees or found refuge in caves their descendants dwell to-day.

The woods had their Indian dwellers already and the two races mingled. These are the strange people who are seen now and then in the little villages along the Eric Railway in Hockland and the adjoining towns of Berron and Orange counties, and whose homes are far back in the hills. A characteristic of these people is that the names of the old lutch families in which the original blacks were slaves have been retained by them, generation after generation. The most numerous samily of the race goes by the name of De Groat, but there are its Preeses, Van Hoevens and many other Des and Vans.

In the summer time you might climb and clamber and stumble up the steep sides and over the rocky summits of the Ramapo Mountains all day and not see a solitary sign of a habitation, although there would be many on all sides of you. They are so deftly tucked in among the rocks and hidden by the trees and foliage that only one acquainted with the ways of the mountaineers could find them. In the fall, when the trees are bare, the huts stand revealed to any who may pass that way, and such real fall, when the trees are bare, the huts stand revealed to any who may pass that way, and such real ways of the mountaineers could find them. In the fall, when the trees are bare, the huts in the brush or among the rocks and hi

TENORS NEW TO NEW YORK

SALESA AND VAN DYCK ENGAGED

Work of the First at the Parts Opera-The Bolgian's Place at the Opera in Vienna-Compared with Tamagno and Jean de Reeske It will be seen from the accompanying pictures that neither of the two new tenors that Mr. Maurice Grau will bring, to this country next year is a beauty pure and simple. It is safe to say that they will never through their surpassing pulchritude oust M. Jean de Reszke from the place he holds in the affections of the New York audiences. Neither of them, in-deed, has so great an artistic reputation in Europe. Both of them are younger, but as teners are only as old as their legs, the beloved Jean is still youthful, and, judged by his voice, he is no more mature. These two artists will be the only Frau Schumann-Heink, who is also an artist of good reputation without being a beauty. She will come over next season in spite of her Ger-1 and will keep har for ten years a member of the company at the Royal Opera House in Ber-lin. She is to receive \$6,000 a year there, and Frau Schumann-Heink makes it a condition of



all her contracts that her husband, who is the Schumann end of the family, shall also be engaged. Even Maurice Grau has him under salary, and wonders if he will be able to farm him out to Herr Conried or some other Ger-man impresario. Frau Schumann-Heink's con-

him out to Herr Conried or some other German impresario. Frau Schumann-Heink's contract in Berlin'allows her a vacation of seven months, and she will spend that time over here. But Mr. Grau says his agreement binds her for four years and that she must sing here during that period. Possibly, only possibly, Mr. Grau and the contract after the first seven months. But that is not probable.

Albert Saleza, as The Sun has already told, has been since January, 1892, a member of the company at the Opera in Paris. There he "created" the leading tenor roles in "Salambbo," "Djelma" and "Othello" when those operas were given for the first time at the French National Opera House. He was born in the south of France—at Burges, in the Department of the Lower Pyrences, in 1867—and is a younger man than most tenors of reputation. He studied at the Conservatoire in Paris, where he was unfer the direction of Bax. In 1888 he made his debut at the Opera Comique as Mylio Glalo in "Le Roi d'Ys." After four years he was engaged for the opera, and spart from the roles "created" there by him he sang the regular repertoire in "Faust." "La Valkyrie," "Sigurd." "Romeo et Juliette" and "Les Hugenots." He sang for two seasons at Nice, where, among other roles\_sung by him, he created the tenor

reputation. That place belongs to Herr Winklemann, who was heard here several years ago with Mme. Meterna at one of the musical festivals. He has the right to all the heavy Wagnerian roles, and they have in the past gone to Van Dyck only when Herr Winklemann could fiot or did not exercise his privilege.

He is still the Niegfried, Tannhäuser, and Tristan of the theatre, although all of these roles are in M. Van Dyck's reportoire. Only a few weeks ago he had the opportunity to sing Siegmund for the first time, and he is best known to the Viennese public through his appearance in French opera. He is there an admired Faust, Des Grieux, Romeo, and Werther, although his occasional appearances in the Wagner operas as well have gained great praise for him. But his reputation is more closely connected with the part of Parsifal, which he sang for the first time at the festival of 1886. He was one of the latest tenors to sing the rôle, and there is a whole caréer to be detected in the change that M. Van Dyck's outlines have undergone. He is an admirable actor, full of fire and earnestness, and he undoubtedly ranks next to Jean de Reszke in reputation.

The triumvirate of De Reszke, Tannagno, and Van Dyck just now is at the head of the world of great tenors, which is not as large a sphere as it might seem. One result of the Belgian singer's visit will be interesting to observe. Here the great, popularity, of Jean de Reszke made Tamagno's sesson an absolute flasco. No artist of reputation ever falled here more completely. Tamagno was rejected without a hearing, as during his entire engagement here he sang before only one large audience, and that was his first. Ernst Van Dyck is wholly different from Tamagno. He is trained in the most modern and artistic school of singing. His voice has not the sensuous beauty of Jean de Reszke's, nor is his art so exquisite and fine. In spite of his nationality, he is a German tenor, even if a rarely finished specimen of one. He is now about 40 years old, and has lived with his wife and ch BIG CANAL IN MADAGASCAR.

Curious Feature of the Tepegraphy That Will Make the Caual Inexpensive.

The French are taking advantage of a physical peculiarity of the east coast of Madagracar to build an interior waterway which will greatly improve the transportation of passengers and freight from the coast to the interior.

Along the east coast there are little rivers which rise among the mountains not over sixty

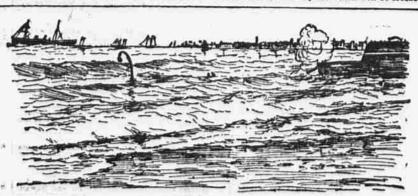


VALLEY OF ANGARO Mountains of Gneiss in the distance

miles inland. Close to the shore rises a line of coral reefs which check the swift river currents as they enter the sea and so help the detritus brought down from the interior to be deposited along the shore, This has resulted in large sandbare, which in the rainy season effectively prevent the land water from entering the sea as fast as it reaches the coast. The result is

It is not known yet when the railroad which is to connect the southern end of the canal with Antananarivo will be built; but French engineers are making a preliminary survey for this work and the healthy and fertile uplands, of which the capital is the centre, will, within four or five years, have steam communication with the coast.

One picture given here shows a fine valley on the road to the capital which will be crossed



HARBOR OF TAMATAVE

that a large part of the floods is left to form lakes just behind the coast line; and these lakes, the result of the precipitation that is unable, on account of the sandbars, to escape into the sea as fast as it reaches the sea edge, have become a permanent feature of the landscape.

The French have found that this long series of lating the landscape. The French have found that this long series of lating the landscape. The French have found that this long series of lating the landscape. The island has all the influences of the temperate, sub-tropical and tropical zones; and the long lakes are separated is great future. Extending, as it does, over 15 depends on the lower comming railroad. Madagascar has a great future. Extending, as it does, over 15 depends on the lower comming railroad. Madagascar has a great future. Extending, as it does, over 15 depends on the lower comming railroad. Madagascar has a great future. Extending, as it does, over 15 depends on the landscape. The lating and low lands in plenty, there are few regions in any part of the world possessing such variety of the temperate, sub-tropical and tropical zones; and the long lakes are separated in the landscape.

EXCITEMENT AT A REVIVAL. Christians Befuse to He Hossed by an Evan-

gollet of Original Methods. om the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle. "You will put me out of this church, will you!" "You dare send me home from meeting!" and similar expressions were Monday evening hurled at T. H. Osburn, the "drummer evangelist," who is holding revival meetings in the Methodist Episcopal Church in Geneva. Anexcited and indignant crowd was around the evan-gelist, and some excited women shook their fists gelist, and some excited women shook their fists in his face as they made the remarks giving vent to their feelings. The trouble all arose over a suddenly dismissed meeting. Things were not going the way the evangelist deared, so he ordered the people home, and it was to this action that the people objected.

Mr. Osburn is an evangelist of peculiar methods, and his action Monday night was nothing more than what he has done in other places. Some call him a secastional preacher, doing many startling things to attract attention-playing to the gallery, as it were. This accusation of sensationalism Mr. Osburn resents. While admitting that his methods are his own, still he believes he is entirely justified in doing as he does. The trouble on Monday evening arose when the meeting was about half ever. He

was preaching and exhorting when he called on all those present who were earnestly desirous of having a genuine revival of religion in Geneva to stand up. There were about 600 people present, and about 400 of them promptly arose. Mr. Osburn then remarked that he presumed the remaining 200 who kept their seats were not Christians, and said the first thing that should be done was to labor with them for their conversion, so he asked the 400 who stood up to show the genuineness of their intentions by each turning to the nearest him who had kept his seat and exhorting and urging him to become a Christian.

Not a soul in the house obeyed the command.

seat and exhorting and urging him to become a Christian.

Not a soul in the house obeyed the command. The request was repeated, still no one responded, when suddenly Mr. Osburn, seeing there was to be no response, dismissed the audience on the spot and told them to go home. He said he did not want the presence of any slieged Christians who would not help the cause when an opportunity was presented. He was anxious to convert the sinners, and if the righteous could not help him they had better get out of the house, as he declared they were more of a hindrance than a help.

Immediately confusion reigned, Mr. Osburn was surrounded on all sides and an explanation demanded of his action, but he had none other to give than the one offered. He then said if they did not want to go home, but were willing to remain and pray and exhort with the unconverted, he would be glad to have them do so. About 100 remained, while the rest dispersed.

SOME ITALIAN FUNERALS.

AN UNDERTARER'S SHOP WHERE

"Richard IIi." He will be the third tenor of the company to sing with Mile. Calvé in "Carmen," "Medistofele," "Sapho" and her operas. Brast Van Dyok is a Beigian who has for many years been connected with the Imperial Opera House in Vienna. There and at Bayrouth his reputation was made. Later he sang with great success at the production of the Wagner operas in Paris. In "Lohengrin" and "Tannhauser" he appeared when these two operas were successfully presented. He has sung in Russia and at Monte Carlo and has been a regular member of the Covent Garden company for several seasons. In Vienna he is not the first tenor of the company in spite of his inble Catherings to He Found There-Art as Practiced by the Proprietor's Brother-in-Law in Ris Leisure Moments-Funeral Cun-tems of Italians-Burials of the Very Poor.

A Mulberry street undertaker's shop is surely an odd piace. The ordinary undertaker's shop in an ordinary locality inspires the desire to cross to the other side of the way and be rid of untoward impressions as soon as possible. The undertaker of the Italian quarter puts a different face on the matter. His place of business is made a resort of transcendent interest in the neighborhood-the headquarters, in fact, for sociability and an airing of interests, ailments and desires. Neither paint nor varnish nor artistic endeavor is spared in making things bright and attractive, and a parlor stove filled to the full with burning coals adds not a little to the general cheer. Even when "it"-they always speak of a consignment as "it"-rests solemnly beneath the Hehted candles the fire burns in vitingly only a few feet away, and, on a cold or murgy afternoon, this mitigates the gloom and sends a glow of comfort to the hearts and limbs of the neighbors gathered about. Even the rel-atives—the undertaker calls them "re-latives," with a stress on the "la"—obliged to look rueful even unto the third and fourth stage of cousinship, take heart and a feeble interest in mun dane affairs.

There are friends and neighbors about the store all the day preceding a funeral, and de-spite the holy images and reminders of a dire state sprinkled freely about, the occasion is not one of entire constraint or doleful mus Sometimes the ghost of a laugh struggles out when the warmth from the fire penetrates suf ciently and somebody says something cheerful.

Oh, those shrined saints and images on the walls of the undertaker's shop! The like of them does not exist outside of Mulberry street, and the pen that would give any idea of them at all must be dipped in colored ink, and not be sparing in the use of it.

The most interesting figure in the place is the white-aproned laborer, responsible for the mu-ral decorations that now obtain and commissioned to add more to the number. He is whitewasher by trade, but in off moments employs his talents variously. A week ago he was putting the finishing touches to a new creation on the ceiling, representing a lost soul in purga-tory clinging to the Master's garments.

"Are the undertakers' shops in Italy fitted up in this fine fashion !" you ask as the waves of a tempestuous and dark blue sea are being slapped on with broad, vigorous strokes of the brush.

"Not so," is the answer. "There are no un-dertakers' shops in Italy. The Government sees to the funerals, and most of the common people are taken away at night. In all New York, maybe, there is no undertaker who takes the pains with his shop that my brother-in-law does. He paints up regular whenever the plac gets shabby, and that's why the people think so much of him and like to come here."

It is the brother-in-law's sister-in-law who

peaks. She is cashier and general assistant to the firm, and has a cozy office, well-caged in rom the populous passageway by a plaited wire railing that reaches up nearly to the ceilng. She is a young woman, plump and comely, and in no sense cast down by the peculiar na

ture of her charge.
"The place ain't lookin' as it ought to now." she goes on, "but we've been so busy that there ain't been thee to dust up any. There's some new altar cloths waitin' to be hung up, and when Mr. Brightbrush gets through with the ceiling in here he's going to do over the one in the next room where the people sit. That part of the picture he's painting now is the sea in purgatory. The tall figure in the red dress is our Lord, and the man's head looking up out of the waves is the soul that is going to be saved. See, he's just going to seize onto the Saviour's robe. Yes, it's a beautiful picture, the first one that Mr. Brightbush has ever done that was so large sized. People comes in here from all over the street to look at it.

"This is our busiest season," she went en. "Colds, you know, and pneumonia carries the people off; croup for the babies and rheumatism for the chronics. Trade always gets brisk after Christmas. My brother-in-law was saying last night that we'll be tight put to it right along now straight through to Appil. Yesterday we had two of 'em in here side by side. One was a Chinese. They put \$5 in his mouth. The Chinese always buries with money. That's their belief. And they act curious at the buryin', too. Going along to the cemetery one of the chief mourners got on the box with the driver and kept tearing off bits of paper from a book he had and sprinkling them along the road. That was for the dead soul's salvation, some way. They burned up a lot of paper from a book he had and sprinkling them along the road. That was for the dead soul's salvation, some way. They burned up a lot of paper from a book he had and sprinkling them along the road. That was for the dead soul's salvation, some way. They burned up a lot of paper with a strange smell in the room here before they started, and they carried a ham and some chickens and other things to eat to the grave, and after they had all tasted of them they left the eatables there on the grass to perish away. I don't understand their customs; and even the ways of some of our Italian people seem strange to she goes on, "but we've been so busy that there ain't been time to dust up any. There's som

ish away. I don't understand their customs; and even the ways of some of our Italian people seem strange to me, because they manage they and gifferently according to the part of Italy they came from. The Americanized ones let us manage after the custom here.

"We have to keep different colors of mourning on hand to use, for a good many that ain't Americanized don't want no black put anywhere. Some wants blue, if it's a child that's dead, and some wants pink. We always keep flower pieces and lace curtains and a long worked cross—pink roses on whitecloth—to help decorate the funeral room. The cross we generally hang down over the looking-glass, because it don't look well to see a glass uncovered in a watchroom. We hire out the candles and candlesticks if the people can afford to pay for them; but they are expensive."

"Is it the custom to have funerals from the undertaker's shop, nowadays." Is the question, and then it turns out that, owing to the great number of people who die in lodging houses or boarding houses, and have no family to make a funeral room for them and no means to warrant any outlay for extra upsetting on the house keeper's part, recourse is had to the undertaker's. The neighbors, whether they knew the dead or not, make up a collection among themselves for the funeral expenses. In the room back of the undertaker's main shop are all the essentials for a seemly funeral. The burning candles are there, too, for a consideration, the cheerful stove is always intermediate to call marges to bless and console. It desires and images to be a fill coffine that the social aspect of this kind, where none feels boung obsequies of this kind, where none feels boung obsequies of this kind, where none feels boung obsequies of this kind, where none feels bo

another, and won't hesitate long before he gives it."

These saints, each sixteen inches in height and occupying its own particular columned shrine, form the main decorations of the outer shop. They stand poised on a ledge high enough not to interfere with a tall man's movements and range completely around the room, all looking at the picture of purgatory in the middle of the ceiling. They are gayly dressed, and the malority are holding lambs in their agms or classicating ittle children. The shrines are trimmed with tinsel and draped with blue bunting or some cheap, showy material. All the wall space under them is taken up with the lockers, in which are kept the plumes, sashes, nettings, and trappings of grief or emblems of respect as interpreted in Mulberry street etiquette. As for the plethors of effects around the sitar in the room where "it" or "they" are wont to be accommodated, it is useless to try to describe them. What they lack in

sterling quality they make up in closs and diversity of color. As many images are grouped there as can be packed in, and there is no single but of wall space that Mr. Briebbrush has not warnish. He has colored all the saints imparitally, and the fact that the Virgin aquints most painfully from her corner grouping, and that Et. John the Baptist's noor is the same and said that Et. John the Baptist's noor is the same and said that the virgin aquints most painfully from her corner grouping, and that Et. John the Baptist's noor is the same and said that the corner of the mural painting interfers not one whit with the fervor of the worshippers so long as Aaron's robe is sufficiently saffron-colored and his sandalled toes are well out in the foreground. There may be lambs in Italy, or wherever Mr. Brightbrush learned whitewashing, that ro semble in form and feature the lambs in least, or when the slack season comes for the undertaker and the chronics have ceased going off, it the artist is going to "do" the wall back of the "We can generally count on its being dul along in May, June, and July," says the undertaker and the chronics have ceased going off, it the artist is going to "do" the wall back of the day when the slack season comes for the undertaker and the chronics have ceased going off, it the artist is going to "do" the wall back of the later all over fresh.

"We can generally count on its being dul along in May, June, and July," says the undertaker and the chronics have ceased going off, it the artist is going to "do" the wall back of the days book; five down for to-morrow, four to-day, and yesterday we had seven. Competition is strong down here. A good many have moved in, seeing that we do so well, but my brothering have an another with all of em. The neople like him and they like his shop; he keeps it warm and painted up nice. We had a funeral way from Staten laind last week. The brother came and said that the corpse always meant that motody should put him away but to the another than the bad his wish, no

LEGACIES FROM BLOOMINGDALE. A Cat and an Aged Servitor Who Fool Them

Many years ago, when the present Columbi University site was simon-pure country, and was known far and near as Bloomingdale, there came to gladden the hearts of the rather irre sponsible inmates a frisky little kitten which through the period of its early infancy was just like any ordinary kitten, but as time went on gave promise of becoming a beautiful and im-posing tomcat. As the years rolled around the said Tom, realizing that much was expected of him, gave up his kittenish antics, probably feeling that in a competition with th other inmates the margin of profit in the nature of fame was altogether too small to permit hi to-enter the tists. As a result of much pender in excess of his station. He took up his fixed residence at Bloomingdale, and for several year acted in the capacity of janitor and night watchman, inspecting carefully all those who went in as well as those who came out, the latter being a far easier task. What a motley company was that! And what an opportunity for the psychological study of humans present ed itself to Tom! No wonder he proved wise beyond all other cats. But times and circumstances do occasionally take a tumble, and in the shuffle things some

times get mixed and settle down to

level. One fine summer day the placid Tom

sunning himself with content, saw a strangcaravan pass out through the gates, and, wha was stranger still, it never came such a freak had never happened before. Here was food for thought. In the middle of his speculations, before his point of view was prop erly adjusted, for thinking is a more laborious process for cats than for folks, a new and wholly untried race of people appeared before Tom and appropriated everything in sight. Wise and inof the gossip had reached him about the sudof the gossip had reached him about the sudden change of fortune that had turned out ail his old friends, to whom, queer and crazy as they were, he had grown accustomed; had sent them far away to a new home and had left in their place a small army, just as motley, and apparently just as queer, who had taken complete possession and begun to tear down and destroy everything. Confusion worse confounded reigned for several years. There was a babel of tongues. Weird structures suddenly sprung up from nowhere, and nicking up things the size of an ordinary house swung them through the air as if they were tossing rubber balls. Surely, thought stom, the old ones never played any pranks half so queer. Still, Tom had been brought up in a unique school. Far be it from him to be surprised at what he saw. He learned, therefore, to watch events and to determine upon a course afterward.

So all during the years that Columbia's new buildings were in progress Tom transferred his living quarters to a stable on 116th street, spending his days prowling around the excavations, wandering through all the subterranean passages, and, as the buildings progressed, through the different rooms, and even to the roofs. But Tom kept a-thinking and a-looking. His whole future was at stake, and the matter required caution. Evidently he decided that the new place, though vastly changed from all resemblance to the old, might still prove a pretty good place after all. For a time, it is true, he was on the fence, not being quite able to decides question so momentous in the life of a Tom. But one day he went astrolling and witnessed the sophomore cane rush. Then he felt himself at home. No more uncertainty for this cat! It looked as if all his old friends had come back again, or, if not, then these new inmates couldn't be so awfully different from the others. That cane rush

rush. Then he felt himself at home. No more uncertainty for this cat! It looked as if all his old friends had come back again, or, if not, then these new inmates couldn't be so awfully different from the others. That cane rush clinched matters for Tom, and be is now one of the most respected members of the university faculty. His special abiding place is the library where he stretches his majestic proportions and suns himself by the hour. He has grown sleek and handsome, and wanders around unmolested, with stately tread, and a high intellectual till to his head. There seems to be a silent understanding on the part of the officials and the students that the cat is a privileged animal, a sort of mascot, whose liberties are not to be infringed upon. No one thinks of insuiting his dignity by an occasional caress or even a gentle stroking. He goes his own way, simply taking notice, but rendering no account to any one. The task of providing Tom with three meals a day has been assigned to a special janitor, and the hint has been dropped, at least so gossip runs, that if Tom's appetite is found to be capricious and to indicate a highly refined palate, a few expensive tid-bits may be purchased and the same charged to administration.

Another legacy besides the cat which Columbia received from Bloomingdale is an aged servitor whose early years were devoted to a faithful performance of duty for those unable to care for themselves. He, like Tom, was unwilling to migrate when the asylum was moved to White Plains. The superintendent, appreciating the faithfulness of the old man, has retained his services, and he now does work around the grounds. Lately the boys disfigured the trees and parts of the buildings by tacking up huge posters advertising concerts and other college shows. When the superintendent charged the old man with dereliction of duty and told him he should not have done this work for the boys, he looked somewhat quizzically for a moment and thon replied:

"Och, sure, I ain't done nothing about it. The inmates d

JAPAN'S NAVAL STRENGTH. An Order Given for the Largest Battleship o Its Type in the World.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 12.-Advices received by the Office of Naval Intelligence state that Japan has ordered the construction of a war vesse which will be the largest of its type in the world. The vessel will be named the Shikishima and will have a total displacement of 15,037 tons,or about 300 tons more than any battleship affoat or building. It will be completed in about two years, and is to cost \$5,000,000.

A complete statement of Japan's naval strength, including vessels recently ordered, shows that she has three battleships, three cruisers, and one despatch boat building. Even with the completion of her present programme with the completion of her present programme she will be inferior to the United States in point of navai strength. Her present navy comprises one first-class battleship of more than 12,000 tong, ready for service; another battleship of 7,330 tons, three coast defence ships of 4,280 tons cach, all of which are several years old; two first-class cruisers, twelve second-class cruisers, and about twenty boats designated as corvettes, guaboats, and sloops. She has lately given an order for the construction of a first-class cruiser to have a length of 446 feet, 17,000 horse power, and a speed of not less than twenty knots. There is to be a light steel protective deck, and a 6,2-inch steel belt extending the full length. Her battery will comprise 7,8-inch breech-loaders in two turrets, fore and aft, with twelve 5,9-inch quick firers, eight of which will be in armored casemates; the other four on the upper deck will have shields. In addition there will be twelve 2,9-inch and twelve 1.8-inch guns. The vessel is to be propelled by twin screws, with triple expansion engines. An order has lately been given to a German firm for one large and eight small torpedo boats. The large one is to steam twenty-eight knots an hour and the smaller ones twenty-five miles an hour. All are to have quick-firing guns. she will be inferior to the United States in point

As Octogenarias Asphysiated.

John McCarney, an octogenarian, was found asphyxiated yesterday morning in his room in the Raines law hotel at 563 West Forty-second atreet. The gas was escaping from a gas stove in the room. It is believed that the old man turned on the gas accidentally before going to bed.

"'No,' said I. 'What about Joe!'

"'He's yanked,' said the man,
"'Yanked!' said I, 'What do you mean!' "'I mean he's yanked!' replied the man, some

what positively. 'A deer bit him, or hooked him, or kicked him, or sumpin' or other like that, and Joe killed it. It might a been in the season for deer to bite or hook or kick Joe, but it don't seem to been in the season for Joe to kill the deer for doin' of it, and so they yanked him. That's what I mean."

"Arrested him!" I asked, puzzled and wor ried.

"Yes,' replied the man. Took him up. Yanked him. And it looks to me as if they was goin' to sock it to him, too.' "'Isn't in jail, is he?' I asked.

"'No.' said the man. 'Leastways, not yit. But it looks to me as if they was goin' to sock it to him, and if they sock it to him I don't see but what he's jist as good as in jail.'

"This wasn't very pleasant news to a man who had come out for a couple of days' sport, but I thought I wouldn't coax any more information from Joe's pessimistic factotum. I would wait until I heard Joe's story. That might put an

entirely different face on the matter, I thought, "When we arrived at Joe's place Joe came out to meet me. I saw at once that he was despondent. After greetings he said:
"'Well, I s'pose you heerd I was yanked?

"I told Joe I had heard so.
"'What be we comin' to,' said he, 'when a deer kin come and chaw you, and rip you, and jump on you, and do anything else he durn pleases to you to make your wife a widder, and, if the

moonly the season don't happen to be jest right, you got to lay there and take it without raisin' your hand ag in the deer, unless you want to git yanked and be held for the Grand Jury! What be we comin' to?

"I told Joe I didn't know, and asked for particulars of this difficulty he seemed to have got into.

ticulars of this difficulty he seemed to have gost into.

"How did it happen, Joe! I asked.

"It happened the aggravatinest kind! said Joe. You know Bushmiller's Pond, don't you! Well, I went over there yisterday to git some pickers. Say, John! I never see 'em bite so! I only had ten lines in, and them pickers bit so fast I had to pull out five o' them lines 'cause I couldn't git around to any, more quick enough to haul out the fish. Tip-ups in the air all the time, and keepin' me on the run for more'n an hour.

time, and keepin' me on the run for more'n an hour.

"The way it was goin' I see that if them pickerel didn't let up on me I'd be so tired I'd never git home so I jest pulled up all my lines and quit. You ought to been there and seen the stacks o' pickerel I had layin' round there on the lice. I see there wasn't no kind o' use o' me thinkin' o' gittin' anyways nigh a quarter of 'em home by backin' 'em in so I was startin' for home to git Sam an' the ox team when I heerd a noise behind me. I looked back over my shoulder, and there I see a slammin' big buck comin' right to'rds me. There was a let o' snow on the ice, and the old feller had good footin'. First along I thought he hadn't seen or sniffed me, and was only crossin' the pond. I didn't want to be run down and walked, over by no deer, and so I turned square around and hollered at him. Now what had that consarned deer ought to up and done! Accordin' to the general idee of the natur' o' deer, that buck ought to been scared half to death then and there, and turned and bounced away like a gale o' wind. Did he do it! If he did, I hain't heerd of it yet. No, sir, he didn't. Inste'd of turnin' an' bound-in' away. like a real, law-abidin' deer ought to Did he do it! If he did, I hain't heerd of it yet.
No, sir, he didn't. Inste'd of turnin' an' boundin' away. Ilke a real, law-abidin' deer ought to
done, he riz up the bristles on his neck till they
stood five inches high, and givin' a snort like a
mad bull, he come for me like a locomotive.
""Here," I says, "That buck acts to me as
if he had an idee o' doin' some hookin'."
"That's what he had, too, and as he come
tearin' where I stood I jumped to one side. The
deer was goin' so fast that he went on by me
more'n fifty yards 'fore he could stop and turn.
I didn't calculate to stand there and he heekel

I didn't calculate to stand there and be

"That's what he had, too, and as he come tearin' where I stood I jumped to one side. The deer was goin' so fast that he went on by me more'n fifty yards fore he could stop and turn. I didn't calculate to stand there and be hooked into shoestrings by that buck, and away I dug for shore, hopin' to git there and climb a tree 'fore the buck could ketch me, if he was rantankerousenough to foller me. He was rantankerousenough, all right, and he follered me, but I didn't climb the tree. I have always kind o' looked up to deer, John. I've always sordeer down as bein' critters that was high feelin' and wouldn't stoop to do anything low.

"But I want to tell it right now that I'm disapp'inted in deer! They ain't what I've always cracked 'em up to be. If that buck had been of the natur' I've always sor deer natur' down to be I'd a clumb that tree. But he wasn't, and jest as I had grabbed the trunk o' that tree and was goin' up it like a red squirrel, that buck reached up and fastened onto me with his jaws jest below where my hind gallus buttons is hitched to my trousers, and sloshed me down ag in so quick that I can't never tell you now which end o' me hit the snow first! Fastened onto me jest as if he was nothin' more than a sneskin', snarlin', sniffin', sheep-steelin' dog, insted of a bold end boundin' roebuck o' the mountains! Disapp'inted I was never so disapp'inted in\_my life!

"Then what does that deer do! Nothin' only chuck me clean back on the pond ag'in, and come a follerin me as tight as he could come. He came so tight that he stubbed his toes on me, and went all in a hoap on the ice himself. I was my fore he was, and I want to tell you I was mad.

"This is a-goin' a leetle too fur!" I says. "This is a-goin' a leetle too fur!" I says. "I hain't got no objections to you havin' the came so tight that he stubbed his toes on me, and when he come a prancin' up to me with his head down to soo on me. I ketched him and I knowed from the way he looked that he was pintin' to hook me own hand then churn' the linnard out o'

"Why, Joe,' I said, 'here's a bullet hole in this deer.'
"Joe came around and looked at it. He stood a minute as if dumb with amazement. Then he struck his fist against the side of the barn and shouted: he struck his fist against the side of the barn and shouted:

"I'll give \$20 this here very minute to know who plunked that bullet in that deer. No wore der that deer bit me. No wonder he wanted to hook and stomp the daylights out o' me. I take it all back. That bullet's what done it. Some prowlin' bushwhacker socked that bullet in that deer, and the pain o' the wound jest so him crary, and he turned in to spit it out on me. And here I been yanked and held for the Grand Jury and jest so like as not they'll sock it to me. I'll give \$20 to know who fired that bullet. Here, Bam. Take this here deer down cellar and we'll cut it up and sait it down fore is spiles.

"I caught a nice lot o' pickerel, but I haven been able to make up any mind yet whether my friend Joe is a liar or simply the victim of peculiar circumstances and it worries me."